



QUIDQUID AGUNT PUERI, VOTUM, TIMOR, IRA, VOLUPTAS,
GUADIA, DISCURSUS, NOSTRI EST FARRAGO LIBELLI.

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The College Times.

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"THOSE PRETTY LAMBS WITH BLEATING ORATORY." ARCADIA.

When I was a small boy there was an old book that used to delight me very much. I have quite forgotten the name of it, and almost all about it, but one very vivid picture of a pale boy standing up among some other pale boys, and making a speech to which they were apparently listening most intently. This picture formed a representation, as the title below set forth, of "Canning's Mimic House of Commons," and was meant to face a narrative of the boyhood of George Canning, for the book was one of those "Men-who-have-risen" kind, meant to stir up the youthful ambition of small boys.

I am often reminded of this misty picture when I take my seat among the chosen few who form the Upper Canada College Literary Society. We form a parallel picture—barring, perhaps, the Canning.

The pale boys in the peculiar coats used to harangue in their miniature House of Commons, and debate upon the great questions of the day, addressing each other with the sonorous "Sir" of the period, and doubtless disagreeing with and censuring the conclusion that the real House of Commons had arrived at after long debate and mature deliberation. Much in the same manner does the voice of our chairman of debate annihilate the modern poets; ignore Tennyson, forget Shakespeare, and humble the proud head of Milton in the dust, by the declaration that Homer is the most sublime of poets, Homer!! Twenty lines or so of Homer's sublime poem are as much as he can get up for one lesson, painfully elaborating the words by the help of Liddell & Scott, and carefully murdering with the barbarous translation any perception of the sublime that may perhaps spring up in his mind. If you would have his plain unvarnished opinion of Homer, ask him when he has just translated the last particle of his lesson,—and previously caution him against profanity. But Mr. Chairman has read a certain stanza, incessantly quoted in prefaces to Homer, and written in the days when it was a certain evidence of taste to admire Homer, and a vulgar piece of originality to see anything in Paradise Lost beyond a tedious poem written by a certain blind old Puritan. A couplet of it runs:

Read Homer once and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor.

Now my sentiments are very well expressed by the omission of the second line. But do not imagine that, though I am of the rising generation, I really think Homer to be what it seems to me. Far be it from me! I have not the slightest doubt and implicitly as blindly believe that Homer is sublime, poetic, and entrancing—"ἡ τίνος γὰρ ἔνεκα σοφοὶ ἄνδρες ἐπείδοντο αὖν." However I shall hedge in so far as to state that the first book of the Iliad is not so bad—when you know it; but the ninth book of the Odyssey, the one we read, is simply disgusting.

But *revenons à nos moutons*, whom we left bleating on the question of modern and ancient poetry.

After the debate is ended, the President resumes the chair, and some member rises and moves "that a vote of thanks be tendered to Mr. Thingumy (the Chairman of debate) for the able manner in which that gentleman has performed the duties of his office." It is passed unanimously, and the *gentleman* accordingly rises and return thanks in a neat, well-worn speech. All this is perfectly mild and harmless, but wherefore the "*gentleman*?" It is not necessarily a compliment. Is not our hair cut by gentlemen of colour. The term is fast degenerating, and doubtless by the time I shall have to caution a boot-black to go gingerly over the knobs, I shall have to address that artist by the title of a gentleman of polish.

Now I ask the reader if, after having seen Jones and Snooks rampaging about the hall while waiting for the Principal to take himself off and let us have the Prayer-room for our meeting, he would not be rather astonished to hear Jones get up and call his particular crony Mr. Snooks, and Snooks then rise and allude to the "*honourable gentleman*" who had just spoken? However it is but just to say that when poor Snooks did let slip that parliamentary title, the Society could not stomach it and laughed at Mr. Snooks. But a pleasing variety is given to the meetings by the changes that are rung upon the form of address, as for instance where one member feeling that he had something out of the common to say, or impressed with the dignity of the President, rose and addressed that functionary with the class-room "Please sir!"

The highly intellectual tone of the meeting is sometimes relaxed by other little incidents equally ludicrous, as for instance when the Treasurer, sometime ago, got up and gravely informed the Society that he had received thirty-seven cents, whereof he had expended thirty-five, wherewith to purchase a book, wherein to keep an account of the other two! But then the Treasurer was a wag.

I was much amused the other day at a little feature in the proceedings of the Society. I saw the Secretary of the Society go up to a member and gravely hand him a note. He informed me that he was "notifying." The by-law says that the Secretary shall notify such members as shall have absented themselves from three successive meetings; accordingly the Secretary, if any member behave thus, goes home and writes a solemn note, beginning with a ponderous "Sir," informing the delinquent that he must give an account of himself. The note he brings next morning and gravely hands to the boy to whom it is addressed, and the latter bye and bye as gravely hands an answer back.

But think not, reader that I am making game of the Society or of us, the members. I am only showing how there can be funny points even in that intellectual body. I think that there cannot be the slightest doubt that we are all embryo statesmen; and may not our companion picture be complete? Perhaps there is a Canning.

GUILLIELMUS AHENOBARBUS.

COGNOMINA PARLIAMENTARIA.

The lively members in the House—Boulter and Springer.

The Ecclesiastical members—Deacon, Monk and Calvin D.D.

A chip of the old block—Wood.

The weightiest member—Cumberland.

A fine baby—Fairbairn.

A seasoned member—Currie.

A Bill, entitled an Act—Will-i-am's.

A walking statute book—A. Code.

The "twittering songsters of the grove"—Daw-son, Robin-son and C-lark.

A treasure for an archæologist—Coyne, uttered by Peel.

A courtly member—A. Prince.

A little shaver—Barber.

A working member—Tooley.

The only member present at the Prorogation—A Farewell.

TRANSLATIONS.

In such an institution as ours it may seem that the Modern Languages are rather over-looked, and the Classics have the lion's share of patronage. Still there are some good translations got off in the "French Room" which might perhaps rival the famed *Gallia est divisa, &c.* For instance, "*Arrachez les chevaux de frise,*" is *Tear away the saw-horses*; and again, "*passer au fil de l'épée,*" is *To put one's son to the sword*, or *To pass over to one's son with the sword*, i.e. to give him the command. There's life in the young dog yet.

A college professor was being rowed across a stream in a boat. Said he to the boatman, "Do you understand philosophy?" "No, never he'd of it." "Then one-quarter of your life has gone. Do you understand geology?" "No." "Then one-half your life's gone. Do you understand astronomy?" "No." "Then three-quarters of your life are gone." But presently the boat tipped over and spilled both into the river. Says the boatman, "Can you swim?" "No." "Then the whole of your life's gone."

Hahnemann, the founder of the homœopathic school, was one day consulted by a wealthy English lord. The doctor listened patiently to the statement which the patient made to him. He then took a small vial, opened it, and held it under the lord's nose. "Smell! Well, you are cured!" His lordship asked, in surprise, "How much do I owe you?" "Thousand francs," was the reply. My lord immediately pulled out a bank note and held it under the doctor's nose. "Smell! Well, you are paid!"

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day:—"When thee went a courting I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thou art married I tell thee to keep them half shut."

REMARKS ON SHAKESPEARE.

No one has ever been able to discover how to spell Shakespeare's name right. Whole volumes, quarto, have been written upon the subject, but yet his name is spelt in a thousand different ways. We, for our part, have "consulted Webster on this point," and spell as above.

Little is absolutely known about Shakespeare, and so it is mere conjecture which asserts that he was the son of old Shakespeare, and a false and deliberate lie which states that his mother's name was Mary Jane. He was christened at the early age of four years by the classic name of William Geoffrey. We assert this on the authority of several modern poets, who call him poetically "Immortal Bill" and "Glorious Geoff." He early displayed signs of great genius, and while yet a youth composed the touching ballad, "When sparrows build;" music by Karl Wöllfänger, price 50 cents; and in later days, when stricken adversity had laid her fingers upon his ingenuous brow, taught by trouble, he produced that three volume sensation, which so goes to the heart of the human sympathiser "Uncle Tom's Cabin." So much for his ballads and novels. He never wrote anything more of that sort. He found it didn't pay. Then as now, plays were the thing and he soon turned his attentions to plays.

There are strange stories about his early life. Some say that he stole sheep when a boy, and others that he used to go to houses and deliver letters, and while he was waiting for an answer, possess himself of the overcoats and stage-horns which used to decorate the halls, and quietly march off without the answer. But these we utterly discredit, as well as the one which accuses him of picking his teeth with a fork, and wearing a dirty shirt on Sunday, for we have it on the very best authority that he at an early period of his life invented the tooth-pick, and when the stern hand of time had streaked his auburn locks with silver wire that he invented the needle-gun and the marking system, two great benefits of the present age. Thus we find that Shakespeare's genius took many a form besides the dramatic one. We all know that he wrote "Othello" (introducing his celebrated character of Mr. Iago), "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and many other works, but ought not we in this age of poetry and light literature more justly to venerate the genius which produced that greatest of English heroics, "Poor Dog Tray," and the marvellous adventures of Jack Falstaff. (We wish it to be well understood that this is not an advertisement for the sale of Shakespeare's works, but simply a moral essay on his life, etc.)

Shakespeare was a genius, as his friend and contemporary Milton observed in blank verse, "We shall never see his like again." Alas, no! Whether we take the tender sublimity of some of his plays, the mournful dirge o'er the tomb of "Poor Dog Tray," or the towering tragedy of Othello, but one impression deepens as we read, namely, that he beat Homer all to nothing, and we can only regret, that he ever departed this life regretted by a numerous and respectable circle of friends and relatives, and can fervently say, with the poet:

"Alas, for man if this were all,
And nought beyond the earth."

(THEODORE ALOIS BUCKLEY.)

Wm. Geoffrey Shakespeare, Esquire, was born in the classic precincts of Stratford on the Avon. He was born with two teeth and moreover, the "night owl screeched when he was born," as he makes King Dick say, but it really meant himself. For the owl is a wise bird, and thus foretold his greatness. Shakespeare may have been said to have mirrored himself in all his works, especially in the quarrel of Messrs. Brutus and Cassius in "Julius Cæsar." This quarrel was typical of that between himself and "O rare Ben Jonson."

But we are straying away from his life, which at present ought to occupy our attention, because as Keith Johnson observed, a man is best known by the life he leads, and we will get an index to Shakespeare if we learn all about him. He contracted two friendships early in life. One was with the celebrated G. Chaucer, who was somewhat the senior of our friend Bill. The other was with young Jack Milton, whom Shakespeare once pulled out of a cistern, and saved from drowning. (Somehow that is always the way friendships spring up.) The friendship between the three thus pristinely begun ended only with life. The tri-umvirate continued fast friends for years. They are said to have been of great use to each other in their writings. In fact Milton is said to have formed his conception, which is a grand one, of the character of the devil in "Paradise Lost," by a close study of his friend Bill's nature and habits. We, in our day, cannot but wonder at the great genius and knowledge of Shakespeare, as he had no Mr. Liddell and Scott to write dictionaries for him; no great Premier, whose speeches he could study; no classical master to tell him "nice things," and no advantages, in short, such as the youth of the present day enjoy. In his history great gaps exist here and there, and we cannot trace him through all the scenes of his shaded career. We know that about his forty-fifth year he retired from active life, and settled down in his native shire to complete his works. He lived happily there for many years, but one day he indulged strongly in the *rosy*, at a meeting between Ben Jonson and himself. The "Quadrimum" was his death. He bequeathed a large property to his heirs whoever they were. He died as he had lived, and the traveller may still find this over his tomb, written it is thought by himself:

William Shakespeare.

(Neat, not gaudy. It is one of the most remarkable epitaphs on record.) D. Y. N.

U. C. COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.

TWELFTH MEETING.

The Society met in the Prayer-room, March 1st—the President in the chair. After the roll was called, the Secretary said that he had communicated with F. M. Treadwell and J. L. C. Cronyn, on account of their absence from three consecutive meetings, and had received no reason from either. The Society decided that they should be retained among the members of the Society.

A motion to the effect that the laws of the Society be not printed, as there was no provision for the expense, was lost.

W. A. Wright's motion that any member of the fifth form who was a member of the Society should be considered an honorary member of the Society when he left College, was introduced by the seconder, J. A. Paterson. He said that this should be passed, as it was but a step in the right direction, preparing the way for the admission of members of lower forms as honorary members. R. D. Richardson proposed, in amendment, "That fifth form boys, members of the U.C.C. Literary Society, after leaving College, be constituted honorary members, when those boys who were in the fifth form at the same time with them have been promoted to the sixth form; and that until their comrades are promoted, they be considered members of the Literary Society." This was agreed to, and the amendment was carried.

F. E. Hodgins said that as this would include the members of last year's fifth form, he would withdraw names he had proposed last week.

W. N. Ponton was then appointed chairman for the readings and debate. E. B. Brown read "Lady Clare," by Tennyson, and J. A. Paterson gave "Helon the Leper," by Willis. The debate on the subject, "Is the warrior a more useful member of society than the

merchant?" was then proceeded with. The leader on the affirmative was J. G. McKeown, and on the negative W. A. Langton, supported respectively by W. H. Biggar and R. D. Richardson. After a spirited debate, the chairman decided in favour of the affirmative. The President then took the chair, and the Secretary made the following announcement for next meeting:

Subject for debate: "Does Poetry afford higher entertainment than History?" On the affirmative: E. A. Bowes (leader), E. Spragge, and H. Ridout; and on the negative W. N. Ponton (leader), J. C. Harstone, and E. Proctor. Readers, G. Brooke, and R. D. Richardson.

The Society then adjourned.

THIRTEENTH MEETING.

The Society met in the Prayer-room, March 8th, the Vice-President, J. A. Paterson, in the chair. After the roll was called and the minutes of last meeting read and adopted, the Secretary read a communication from J. L. Cronyn, explaining his absence from the Society, which excuse was regarded as sufficient. The Vice President then left the chair and introduced a motion to apply the funds of the Society to printing the Laws and By-Laws. After some discussion this was withdrawn.

R. D. Richardson moved, seconded by E. B. Brown, that the Treasurer of last year's Committee for the Christmas Entertainment be instructed to furnish the Society with a report of the surplus in his hands.—Carried.

W. G. Mowat then moved that the Secretary do notify all parties who are as yet indebted to the Society, with a view to their settling such indebtedness.—Carried.

E. B. Brown gave notice of a motion to the effect that in Section II, sub-soc. 6, all the words after "sufficient excuse" be struck out and the following substituted: "shall have his name struck off the roll of members."

The subject "Does Poetry afford more entertainment than History?" was then debated, J. A. Paterson taking the place of E. B. Bowes, the leader on the affirmative, who was absent; W. N. Ponton replied on the negative, followed by H. Ridout, who supported the affirmative; J. C. Harstone then spoke in favour of History, and the leader on the affirmative having replied, the chairman, J. G. McKeown decided in favour of the negative. J. A. Paterson took the chair, and the following announcement was made for next meeting: Readers: W. A. Wright, G. Cope. Subject for debate: "Was Wellington a greater Warrior than Statesman?" Leaders: F. E. Hodgins, Affirmative; W. H. Biggar, Negative.

The Society then adjourned.

"DESAVING THE BASTE."—"I engaged," says a lawyer, "a chaise at Galway to conduct me some few miles into the country, and had not proceeded far when it pulled up at the foot of the hill, and the Irish driver, coming to the door, opened it. 'What are you at, man? This isn't where I ordered you to stop.'—'Whist, your honor, whist!' said Paddy, in an undertone; 'I am only desaving the baste. I'll just bang the door; he'll think yer out, and then he'll cut up the hill like Old Scratch, see if he don't.'"

A Quaker and a Baptist, travelling in a stage coach, the latter took every opportunity of ridiculing the former, on account of his religious profession. At length they came to a heath, where the body of a malefactor, lately executed, was hanging in chains upon a gibbet. "I wonder, now," said the Baptist, "what religion that man was of." "Perhaps," replied the Quaker, coldly, "he was a Baptist, and they have hung him up to dry."

A SHORT JOURNEY!—A choleric old gentleman, becoming enraged at the stupidity of an aged and faithful servant, exclaimed, "Zounds, you dolt, I shall go out of my wits at your dullness." To which the honest old servitor replied, "Well, there's one comfort, master; you won't have far to go."

THE COLLEGE.

CURLING.—The roaring game has been much in vogue lately among the boarders. Though practised in a small way with rude stones, it was not contemptible; and they roared as it were a drove of lions.

TOFFY.—Toffy has fallen below par. The cause is not the uncertainty of the Alabama claims, but the fact that the Principal has put a restriction on the Boarders going over to the *Taffy*-shop. We must stick to the old pronunciation, as it is at any rate the usual one.

NOTICE.—TENDERS

Sealed Tenders will be received at the Office of the *College Times*, until noon, Wednesday, 27th March next, for the ventilation of the 1st Mathematical Master's room. Persons tendering for the performance of this work will state the length of time it will take. The conditions of the contract, and all further particulars, may be obtained at this office on and after the 20th March next. The tenders are to be addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Ventilation," and are to contain the signatures of two (2) responsible parties, who are willing to become security for the due performance of the contract. The highest or any other tender not necessarily accepted.

By Order. S. F., Secretary.

U. C. College,
Toronto, 12th March, 1872.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

That the Principal is a wit.
That the 1st Classical Master is a poet.
That the 2nd Classical Master is a cynic.
That the 1st Mathematical Master tells a good story.
That the 2nd Mathematical Master admires Canadian boys excessively.

That the English Classical Master is at present busily engaged on a ninth edition of the English Grammar.

That those things that elicit such roars in the French and German room are puns.

N.B.—A thing that is generally known—That the puns are not good.

INTERESTING DEBATE IN THE MASTERS' SOCIETY.

Friday, March 3rd.

The Principal took the chair at 3.15, precisely.

After the minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted, several new motions were debated, and, upon new business being called for, the 1st Classical Master rose to his feet amidst great applause. The honourable gentleman cast a look around the long table, and, with a friendly nod to one of his supporters, proceeded, first taking care to plant both his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets. He stated that he (Mr. W—dd) was surprised to find, upon the most reliable information, that the Principal, in making a stump speech to the boys upon the subject of going out in the afternoon, had more than once, to his (Mr. W—dd's) great surprise, made use of the word "Toffy!" "Toffy!" What is there in that name that should be offensive to him (Mr. W—dd) he (Mr. W—dd) might be asked, but he (Mr. W—dd) would reply that that favorite place of rendezvous, situated on Adelaide Street, had gone by the name of "*Taffy* Shop" from time immemorial. He (Mr. W—dd) was a Conservative, he was born a Conservative, and he hoped to die one; and he saw no reason why "*Taffy* Shop" it should not always remain. Take the two words together, write them together, "*Taffy*" is as fair a name as "*Toffy*." Sound them, it doth become the mouth as

well; conjure with them, "*Taffy*" will start a spirit as soon as "*Toffy*!" (Shakespeare). The honourable gentlemen went on to say, that Canada was the country of his adoption. Why should he not follow her customs? Canada was also the country of the Principal's adoption. Why should he not follow her customs? (Cries of order, go on, shut up, call in the members, &c.)

The honourable gentleman said that he had risen to make an appeal to the masters whether these things should be: his learned friend (if he would allow him to call him so) the Mathematical Master was of opinion, etymologically, that it was *taffy* not *toffy* that was dispensed at the humble shanty to the rear of the College, he (Mr. W—dd) was prepared to prove by several unimpeachable witnesses that there were two substances known by the respective names of *taffy* and *toffy*, differing wholly in chemical composition. The combining equivalent of one he, (Mr. W—dd,) was not sure which was 198 that of the other 266. It remained for him (Mr. W—dd) to say that he was only sorry for the slight mistake of the honourable gentleman and to hope for his own credit and the College's that such an evil would not occur again, for he (Mr. W—dd) thought it wrong to teach the young idea how to shoot (Locke) by the use of wrong words and phrases.

Further, he (Mr. W—dd) would say that he quite approved of keeping the boys under closer bounds, for when he (Mr. W—dd) was in the 6th Form (there were seven forms then) he, (Mr. W—dd) was caned for missing a quantity, yes, caned (loud cries of indignation) yes, gentlemen, I repeat it, caned—but I got the prize, though.

He concluded by moving, seconded by M. 1, That an abstract of the Principal's address to the boarders be in the *College Times*, substituting the word *taffy* for *toffy*, whenever it occurred. (Loud cries of lost and carried.)

A Voice—It is toffy.

Taffy was a Welshman, moreover he was a thief.

THE CHAIRMAN.—Order gents. Call in the members! Shall it be as in the motion? I think the noes have it! The ayes will please stand. The noes will please stand. The motion was then declared lost.

After which the meeting adjourned.

SHALL WE HAVE ESSAYS?

Pithy, brief, and spicy writing is, I presume, what the Committee of the *College Times* wish for from all their correspondents. I shall therefore not trouble you with saying what I have to say in as many words as I possible can use, as did your correspondent on this subject in your first issue, nor shall I, following in his footsteps, seek to gain my end by an unlimited use of flattery and high flowing language, for, I believe, the most sensible members of the Society easily see through all such tricks, and it is for these that I am especially writing.

Your correspondent takes for granted that all understand the benefits arising from writing essays. Now I have no doubt but that your correspondent is a genius possessing unlimited talent, but still I am afraid that he, though even thus gifted, has the unhappy knack of judging the abilities of others by the measure of his own. For my part I am fully persuaded that the boys have enough of essay writing to perform, and if they honestly perform this, and at the same time write their quota for the College paper, that it is a question whether or not the writing of any more essays by these boys who thus do their work be not injurious rather than beneficial. So till your correspondent has satisfactorily shown that it would be a real benefit to the boys themselves, he must come to the conclusion that the objections he has raised to his own scheme are fatal to its ever being adopted by the Society. But has your correspondent conclusively answered the objections he makes,

and in reference to his first objection, I would remark that it would have been fairer in your correspondent not to suppose that any save one of the members of the Society were willing to take upon themselves the laborious task of preparing an essay. Does your correspondent suppose that because the Society now numbers about forty it is capable of producing eleven geniuses as great and willing as himself. In this Society in former years, when the numbers were between twenty and thirty, the law your correspondent proposes was a dead letter. But numbers are no criterion. Then, perhaps, your correspondent may say our talent is much superior. This may sound very sweet to the ears of some, but it is neither just nor true. Former societies thought it much better to spend this extra time on preparing for the debate, and I think we have every reason to try and imitate those who went before in this matter.

Your correspondent's next objection is the difficulty of finding subjects. And what think you is the answer? Last night's debate! Wherefore this degrading of thyself, thou mighty law-giver. And would'st thou content thyself with another, preparing a subject for thee, and allow others to supply thee of the needed information. But let us consider the effect of this legislation. First, we have the debate, then it is summoned up by the Chairman, which summing up we shall call re-hash number one. Then we have re-hash number two by the essayist. This re-hash will, no doubt, be cooked in the finest style, and carefully and diligently diluted so that all may have a share and spiced with flattery and filled with bombast so that it may at least please a few. Then we have a taste of the whole proceedings in the *College Times*. If the members of the Literary Society would not tire of such a literary feed it must be that they have long been accustomed to fare ill. There are other objections and reasons why no such measures as this should be adopted. We have the *College Times* to attend to. The room for improvement in the debates is another reason. In fact the more the subject is considered, the more unlikely it is that the Society will ever entertain for a single moment the preposterous ideas of your enthusiastic correspondent.

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY.

"Will yer honor take a cab?" said a London cab-driver to a gentleman. "No thank you, I am able to walk," said the gentleman. "May yer honor long be able but seldom willin'?" was the witty reply.

An old Yankee lady, who pretends "to know all about it," says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers "bile their water on shore. In her opinion "all the bustin' is done by cooking the steam on board the boat."

"Tell that man to take off his hat in court," said a judge the other morning to an officer. The offender, who turned out to be a lady, wearing the fashionable sailor hat, indignantly exclaimed, "I am no man, sir?" "Then," said his honor, "I am no judge."

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